I am iuſtly kild with mine owne treachery.
Ham. How does the Queene?
King. She founds to ſee them bleed.
Quee. No, no, the drink, the drink, O my deare *Ham*,
The drink, the drink, I am poyſned.
Ham. O villaine! hoe let the dore be lock't,
Treachery, ſeek it out.
Laer. It is here *Hamlet* thou art ſlaine,
No medecine in the world can do thee good,
In thee there is not halfe an houres life,
The treacherous inſtrument is in my hand
Vnbated and enuenom'd, the foule practiſe
Hath turn'd it ſelfe on me, loe here I lye
Neuer to riſe againe: thy mother's poyſned,
I am no more, the King, the Kings too blame.
Ha. The point enuenom'd too, then venom to thy work
All. Treaſon, treaſon.
King. O yet defend me friends, I am but hurt.
Ham. Here thou inceſtious damned *Dane*,
Drink of this potion, is the Onixe here?
Follow my mother.
Laer. He is iuſtly ſerued, it is a poiſon temperd by him-
Exchange forgiueneſſe with me noble *Hamlet*, (ſelfe
Mine and my fathers death come not vpon thee,
Nor thine on me.
Ham. Heauen make thee free of it; I follow thee;
I am dead *Horatio*, wretched Queene adiew.
You that looke pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes, or audience to this act,
Had I but time as this fell Sergeant Death
Is ſtrict in his arreſt. O I could tell you!
But let it be; *Horatio* I am dead,
Thou liueſt, report me and my cauſe aright
To the vnſatisfied.
Hora. Neuer beleeue it;
I am more an antike *Roman* then a *Dane*,
Heer's yet ſome liquor left.
Ham. As th'art a man
Giue me the cup, let goe, by heauen I'le hate,

O

4 Hamlet 6 villanie, how let 15 I can no
Ante penult. liquer

O God *Horatio*! what a wounded name
Things ſtanding thus vnknowne, ſhall I leaue behind me?
If thou didſt euer hold me in thy heart,
Abſent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harſh world draw thy breath in paine *A marc*
To tell my ſtory: what warlike noiſe is this? *farre*

Enter Oſrick.

Oſr. Young *Fortinbraſſe* with conqueſt come from *Poland*,
Th'Embaſſadors of *England* giues this warlike volly.
Ham. O I die *Horatio*,
The potent poyſon quite ore-growes my ſpirit,
I cannot liue to heare the newes from *England*,
But I do propheſie the election lights
On *Fortinbraſſe*, he has my dying voyce,
So tell him with th'occurrants more and leſſe
Which haue ſolicited, the reſt is ſilence.
Hora. Now cracks a noble heart, good night ſweet (Prince,
And flight of Angels ſinge thee to thy reſt.
Why dooes the drum come hether?

Enter Fortinbraſſe, with the Embaſſadors.

Fortin. Where is this ſight?
Hora. VVhat is it you would ſee?
If ought of woe, or wonder, ceaſe your ſearch.
Fortin. This quarry cries on hauock, O proud death
What feaſt is toward in thine eternall cell,
That thou ſo many Princes at a ſhot
So bloudily haſt ſtrooke?
Embaſ. The ſight is diſmall
And our affaires from *England* come too late,
The eares are ſenceleſſe that ſhould giue vs hearing,
To tell him his commandement is fulfill'd,
That *Roſencraus* and *Guyldenſterne* are dead,
Where ſhould we haue our thanks?
Hora. Not from his mouth
Had it th'ability of life to thanke you;
He neuer gaue commandement for their death;
But ſince ſo iump vpon this bloody queſtion

3 hart 11 ore-crowes 17 hart 18 flights